Maid. Man.

Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's hereby.

Brag. I know where it is situate.

Mai. Lord how wise you are.

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Ma. With what face?

Brag. I loue thee.

Mai. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Mai. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.

Brag. Thou shalt be heauily punished.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Brag. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.

Boy. Come you transgressing slaue away.

Clow. Let me not be pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Clow. Well, if euer I doe see the merrie dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and he hast a very good witte. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The

first

first and second cause will not
respects not, the *Duello* he reg
led Boy, but his glorie is to su
pier, be still Drum, for your m
Assist me some extemporall g
turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, w
lumes in folio.

Finis

Actus

Enter the Princesse of France,
three

Boyet. Now Madam summ
Consider who the King your f
To whom he sends, and what's
Your selfe held precious in the
To parlee with the sole inher
Of all perfections that a man
Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie f
Be now as prodigall of all dea
As Nature was in making Gra
When she did starue the gener
And prodigally gaue them all

Queene. Good L. *Boyet*, m
Needs not the painted flouris
Beauty is bought by judgeme
Not vttered by base sayle of ch
I am lesse proud to heare you t
Then you much willing to be
In spending your wit in the p
But now to taske the tasker, go

Prin. You are not ignoran
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* ha
Till painefull studie shall out-

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOT